

Wayland, June 4th, 1876.

Dear Friend Phillips,

What a poet was lost to the world when you became a reformer!

What volumes we might have had concerning the regal beauty of the Rose and the vestal purity of the Lily of the Valley! But, jesting apart, reform is a heavy cart-load of stones for Pegasus to carry; and, do what we will, the world will not come right side up. I believe those poor negroes down South need active friends now, as much as they ever did.

I should like a talk a mile long with you, if I could only get a chance.

Last week, I attended the Free Religious Meeting, for the first time. James Parton made a capital speech concerning the taxation of

Church-Property.

Where is your article about Summer?
I want to see it.

A letter was fastened inside the cover of the box of Lilies of the Valley. Did you see it? It contained a letter about you, from young Mr. Sears.

I am here all solus alone in my house, except that I hire a young man to sleep here. I like this free Bohemian sort of life better than I do the gilded fetters of gentility. I dined at the Parker House, by invitation, when I was in the city last week. The fare was delicious. If I were to live there, I am afraid I should become an epicure and die of apoplexy.

Yours affectionately & gratefully,

L. Maria Child.